In 1898 when we were on tour he caught a chill. Inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, pneumonia followed. His heart was affected. He was never really well again.

When I think of his work during the next seven years, I could weep! Never was there a more admirable, extraordinary worker; never was any one more splendid-couxaged and patient.

The seriousness of his illness in 1898 was never really known. He nearly died.

" I am still fearfully anxious about H.," I wrote to my daughter at the time. " It will be a long time at the best before he gains strength. . . But now I do hope for the best, I'm fairly well so far. All he wants is for me to keep my health, not my *head.* He knows I'm doing that!" Last night I did three acts of ' Sans-Gene' and ' Nance Oldfield' thrown in ! That is a bit too much—awful work —and I can't risk it again."

" A telegram just come : ' Steadily improving . . . ' You should have seen Norman * as Shylock ! It was not a bare ' get-through/ It was—the first night—an admirable performance, as well as a plucky one. . . . H. is more seriously ill than any one dreams. . . . His look I Like the last act of Louis XL"

In 1902, on the last provincial tour that we ever went together, he was ill again, but he did not give in. One night when his cough was rending him, and he could hardly stand tip from weakness, he acted so brilliantly and strongly that it was easy to believe in. the triumph of rnind over matter—in Christian science, in fact!

Strange to say, a newspaper man noticed the splendid

power of his performance thait night and wrote of it with uncommon discernment—a ^*provincial* critic, by the way.

[1] Mr. Norman Forbes Robertson.